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THE

Mad-men's Hospital :

Or, A present Remedy to Cure
The Presbyterian Itch.

A P O E M.

5. Aug. 1681.

1.

OH, Happy Soyl ! unhappily possess'd,
Your Natives now, invade your sacred Peace ;
And that Religion we all profess'd,
Must now by Extirpation surcease :
Our Laws are broken, Birthright's ta'en away ;
Banish'd or Murder'd, Innocents betray.

2.

This Hell-bred change, hath Reformation brought,
By bold Interpretation of Text :
What was believ'd, and our Forefathers taught,
By new Dark-Lanthorn-Lights is now perplex :
New Government's set up, the Rabble see
A way to Rule the Church, and Monarchy.

3.

Oh, treble damn'd ! Rebels to God and King !
Who first put Arms into the Roundheads hands,
Taught them to know their Brutish strength ; who bring
A right of Levelling to all mens Lands :
Like Hounds unhunted, left to their own Chase,
Seize all that cross their way, Noble or Base.

4.

They love the King, as School-Boys Masters love,
Let them do what they will ; how good a man,
Correct them, he's a Tyrant, none above
Them, they admit, then govern them that can :
Break up the School, a Commonwealth their cry's,
Learning hath fool'd the World, and taught us Lies.

Thus

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5.

Thus in this wilful and presuming Age,
Where Reason's blinded with Opinion,
For current Truth, upheld by th' Peoples Rage,
They spurn at Truth, and true Religion:
Those Beast-like Rights, which greater Beasts perfwade,
Are the false Opticks of their cheating Trade.

6.

Poor Countrymen! the whole Worlds hate or scorn,
Led by a creeping *Will* & *Wife's* false Art;
Like him to malice, and to mischiefs born,
Leads you to perish in a poyson'd Myre:
Pride made a Devil, what is't made thee so?
Malice; so coupled, both together go.

7.

But tell me yet, Mad-men have Intervals,
What end do you propose? suppose your Plot
Should take effect, that Palaces, and Halls,
The King, the Duke, Lords, Papists, and who not
Should in one ruine fall; what will succeed?
Cutting of Throats, make one another bleed.

8.

For Jesus Christ will not descend to Reign,
You (in his Members) crucifie him here;
In time compleat, when he will come again,
'Twill be to your Confusion and Fear:
Order supports the World, nothing can stand
Without it; Beasts have Order and Command.

9.

Those very Sects, who now together joyn,
Will then divide, and each their Claim advance:
This is the Truth I hold; that Lordship's mine;
'Tis false, 'tis not, 'tis for the K. of *France*:
For when that one anothers Bloud we draw,
'Tis time a third should come, to give us Law.
Yare on a Precipice, and one step more,
Yare lost; Return, for Judgment's at your door.

Recipe.

10.

Take but one grain of Faith, from the Rock pure,
And fix it fast to the right Anchor-stock;
Mixt with the Oyl of Charity; 'twill cure,
Apply'd to the Heart side; *Probatum* hoc:
This never fail'd, lasts while the World endures,
Close kept; and all Mankinds diseases cures.

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